

EDITORIALS

Those Little Leaguers

Athletic success again has catapulted Torrance into Southland prominence as the Torrance Little League team now is engaged in elimination play offs, which soon will lead to the crowning of the National Champion at Williamsport, Pa.

Backed all the way by townspeople and local businessmen, the Torrance club is one of four teams in Southern California still in the running for district, regional, and national titles. Other teams that have survived the rugged elimination process are San Fernando, Los Altos (Long Beach), and Venice. This is practically the same Venice club that ousted Torrance in the district finals last season.

Tomorrow the youngsters take another giant step in their quest for further recognition. Win or lose, their past showings indicate they will reflect credit on themselves, their manager and coaches, their families, and the entire populace of the city.

A great deal of luck will be riding on the side of the winning team. We wish the best of it to the Torrance boys and hope that many local fans will be on hand at tomorrow evening's game at Glendale.

Growth of a City

Torrance's claim to be the fastest growing city in the Southland with a 292 per cent gain since the 1950 census was labeled "scarcely a flicker" by a San Fernando Valley newspaper editor last week.

Writing in the Thursday issue of The Valley News, editor Walter Mendenhall pointed out that Panorama City had recorded a gain of 39,850 per cent since Jan. 1, 1949—the day the first dwelling in that community was occupied. "Now THAT'S growing!" Editor Mendenhall commented.

He did admit that Torrance's growth was great "for incorporated municipalities."

Admittedly some areas of Los Angeles—including Panorama City—have registered a phenomenal growth, as have some of the vast Orange County areas.

But in comparing the growth of Torrance with the other cities of the County, we note that Torrance's growth from 22,241 to 65,000 today has brought it up in the ranking of cities from 18th place to eighth, and possibly seventh by now, and haven't noted any similar rises among other cities.

Without taking anything away from Editor Mendenhall, we'll stick by our claim that Torrance is the fastest growing CITY in the Southland.

The 'Lift'

Surveys made around the United States indicate a growing practice of shoplifting, especially in the self-help stores. Estimates are that it has risen one-third to one-half above what it was several years ago. Although thefts by adults are as much or more than thefts by youngsters, store executives think the juvenile pilfering would be less if parents were less indifferent to this evil.

Children should be made to account for items in their possession which parents know they couldn't have purchased.

Many reasons are given for the rise in petty thievery. Among them is the desire for things without the corresponding urge to earn the money to pay for them. This, it is said, is particularly the case among teenagers.

More home training in thrift and self-reliance as well as more emphasis on simple honesty would counteract the current trend.

Youngsters who are taught the importance and the fun of saving money for specific purposes gain a truer sense of values and more respect for the property of others.

At the same time, adults who strive to keep their financial affairs in order by buying wisely, paying their bills promptly, and saving regularly are not liable to be tempted to steal.

The American people as a whole are honest; there's no question about that. But unless the individual is alert, he may drift into practices which lead to breaking the law.

Shorter—If Not Sweeter

Next year we will witness a new type of presidential election campaign. The long, wearisome (both to candidates and the nation) type of drive for votes seems definitely a thing of the past.

The 1956 version will be a concentrated two-month affair with candidates frequently in front of the television cameras. The fact that the party conventions will be held so much later than ever before will of itself shorten the time between nomination and election day. Whether politicians will feel that a short campaign would work if the candidates were relative strangers to the national scene is a matter that will undoubtedly come up in future years.

But for 1956, both sides seem set on a repeat performance of their 1952 stars. One or both parties may get a jarring surprise. At any rate, modern invention has made the Nation into a vast auditorium, so that in one brief speech a candidate can reach as many people via television and radio as he would in months of travel.

THE MAIL BOX

The Torrance Herald welcomes expressions from its readers which can be published on this page. The editors retain the right to edit the copy for matters of libel and good taste. Letters should be kept brief and must be signed. The writer's name will be withheld if requested. Opinions expressed in letters here published represent those of the writer and not necessarily those of The Torrance Herald.

Appreciation Told

Editor, Torrance HERALD: I have learned that you ran a full-page Community Chest stewardship report in a recent issue of your newspaper. We sincerely appreciate your generosity and cooperation in helping to inform your readers how their gifts are used.

As you know, it has always been, and it will always be, the policy of the Chest to inform the giving public where and how their gifts are being spent. We owe this stewardship to our contributors and your assistance in furthering this policy is a tremendous service.

On behalf of the board of directors of the Welfare Federation, I wish to express again our sincere appreciation for your leadership and good citizenship.

HARRY MASSER, Chairman Board of Governors Welfare Federation of Los Angeles Area

Report on Russian Farming



Glazed Glances

By BARNEY GLAZER

These are the days when most of us wish we had enough money to buy an elephant. Not that we could use an elephant; it's just that we need the money. . . . A local couple of newlyweds were anxious not to be recognized as such during their honeymoon, so the husband approached the hotel's desk clerk and quite casually asked without any trace of tremor: "I'd like a double bed with room, please." . . . The poor little baby was teething and obviously was in much pain. The pediatrician suggested a ball of cotton be dipped in a bit of bourbon, wrung almost dry, and then run once lightly over the baby's gums. It worked like a charm, except for one thing. Now that the baby's teeth are out, he's crying for his ball of bourbon. . . . So that's what holds up a lady's strapless gown—gravity! The gravity of what would happen if it fell down.

Terrific tragedy in Russia. A thief broke into the chief propaganda office and stole the complete results of next year's elections. . . . Am I right in deducting that Adam and Eve were Russians? After all, they had nothing to wear, no roof over their heads, all they had to eat was an apple, and yet they believed they were in Paradise. . . . My favorite story of the week about the preacher who asked the oldest man in the country if he hated anyone. "No, I don't," Parson" cackled the elderly gentleman, "all them low-down stinks who I hated so much, they're all dead" . . . A cocktail bar patron asked the bartender for that new drink that's tall, cold and full of gin, whereupon the fellow sitting in the next seat protested: "Sir! You are speaking of the woman I love!" . . . Mister, if you're complaining that your wife is homely you have only yourself to blame. If you showed your wife how much you love her she could not help but be beautiful. . . . George E. Allen tells it in his book, "Presidents Who Have Known Me," this one favorite story of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, about the man who paid a newsboy a quarter every morning for the New York Herald Tribune, glanced at the front page and then handed the paper back to the boy. Finally, "The lad's curiosity prompted him to ask the computer why he only glanced at the front page. "I'm interested in the obituary notices," answered the customer. "But they're way over on page 24, and you never look there," the boy objected. "Boy," said the tycoon, "the blankety blank fellow I'm interested in will be on page one, all right!" . . . Instead of referring to certain persons as the one we hate the most, why not label them "The most forgettable characters I've met?" . . . A teenage girl walked into a haberdashery store and asked for a pair of men's gloves.

The Freelancer

By TOM RISCHE, Herald Staff Writer

"I got my eyelid caught in a zipper!" "Johnny threw a cat at me, and it scratched me!" "Henry kicked me in the stomach while we were on the maypole!" These were some of the complaints with which howling youngsters greeted nurses in the Torrance schools during the past year. Despite safety lectures and repeated warnings, kids will still be kids. Nothing short of locking them up in a padded cell will stop the accidents. Even then, the small fry probably would beat their little heads against the walls.

Youngsters since time immemorial have pushed, shoved, thrown things, and hurt themselves and other kids. Even when they grow up, some of them still keep on. Even though some of the accidents were mighty painful at the time, they have their humorous aspects too. It's easy to picture the tear-stained little faces howling out the stories which led to these cryptic, although descriptive, reports: "Zipper caught in upper part of eyelid—child was playing with jacket zipped up over face and the zipper slipped." "Scratch on right cheek—scratched by cat thrown at him by another student." "Kicked in stomach while on maypole." "Slight laceration, right elbow pushed while playing 'follow the leader'." "Front teeth loosened and pushed back—fell from swing while in motion."

"Swelling on left side of head—trying to be first in line." "Abrasion on right side of scalp—hit on head with stick by another student." "Bruised knees, two upper teeth chipped and loosened—missed pass—hit goal post." "Two front teeth badly chipped—working with wooden mallet in craft class." "Cut finger with scissors—trying to cut thread." "Bump on back of head—fell from jungle gym." "Bump and discoloration on forehead, above right eyebrow—hit head against lunch table." "Thumb tack stuck in knee—kneel on tack." "Cut right forefinger—washing paste lars." "Broken nose—kicked in nose by another student." "Left instep above great toe swollen and painful—dropped gym basket on foot."

"Pulled and snapped left forearm—reaching for milk container."

This was only a fraction of the accidents which happened, but they are typical. Most of the accidents to younger children happen on the playground, while a large share of the high school mishaps occur in gym classes or athletic events.

Any youngster who doesn't have his share of accidents is a rarity, and about the only thing that an adult can do is offer sympathy. One thing about the accidents—the youngsters learn by experience.

When she realized she didn't know her boy friend's size, she suddenly beamed to the clerk: "May I hold your hand, please?" Hesitatingly, and looking around to make sure nobody was looking, the clerk complied. After two minutes of complete silence, the young girl replied: "That feels about right. Just give me a pair of your size gloves" . . . Most embarrassed girl of the week: Her suitor arrived and just then her little brother yelled: "Mom and dad! The bird-in-hand's here!" . . . We know a lady shopper who turned in a complaint about the saleslady and the complaint department's head said: "Lady, this week seven of our clerks turned in complaints about YOU!" . . . Jack Kofoid, Miami Herald columnist, visited Los Angeles and not only met Attorney Isadore Moidel at long last, after many years of pillar praise, but Jack was formally introduced to our smog and he felt so sentimental about the whole thing, his eyes just filled with tears. . . . For my money and point of view, men and women will always be fighting but neither side will ever win. There is just too much fraternizing with the enemy. . . . What this country needs, my good friends, is a five-cent package of garlic tablets for people who eat chlorophyll. . . . It's an oldie but a laughie, the one about the army rookie who was told by a veterinarian to administer some medicine to a horse in this fashion: "Place this powder in a pipe two feet long, put one end of the pipe well back in the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat." Shortly after the rookie came running into the vet's office, gasping for breath. "What's wrong?" asked the medic. "I'm dying," moaned the rookie, "the horse blew first."

Optimist Club members have a new name for those hundreds of gray squirrels they saw during their week end outing, Crestline Mink. Dr. Tom Randall, the club's leading golfer, showed them why Sunday afternoon while going around on the Arrowhead course at Blue Jay. His long tee shot ended up in a stream in such a position that he couldn't reach it with his right-hand clubs. Borrowing a left-hander from southpaw Art Woodcock, Randall blasted his ball out of four inches of water, making a nice approach to the green. The boys were disappointed, however. He didn't get a single trout.

Best piece of advertising we've seen recently is at the city limits of Pico in east Los Angeles. After driving in through the hot stretch of country between the mountains and the city, you hit Pico and a sign greets you which says: "If you lived in Pico, you'd be home now."

"The thing most brides would like is a cook book with a happy ending."—Robert Q. Lewis. "Lady with trailer wants to meet man with car. Object to get hitched."—Classified ad. "The sensible rule for government is that it should always be barely big enough to do the job assigned it. If it gets any bigger, it becomes dangerous."—Frank Pace Jr., former Director of the Budget.

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IT'S A FACT by JERRY CAHILL



1885 AIR RAID! PROPHETIC ENGRAVINGS FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY, 1885, ON THE POSSIBILITIES OF A DYNAMITE BOMBING INITIATED BY RUSSELL THAYER OF PHILADELPHIA... THE U.S. OCCUPANCY BOARD CONSIDERED BUILDING ONE SAFE ZONE TO BE RUIN BY COMPRESSED AIR.



The SQUIRREL CAGE

By REID BUNDY

The Beveridge Paper Company's traveling ambassador, W. J. Blakley, reports that in New Jersey, where they grow mosquitoes big, they have found a certain type able to resist DDT. Now they are thinking of breeding a mosquito that likes DDT and finally one that can't get along without it. Then they are going to kill him by not giving him any more.

W.J.B. also passes along the thought that business prophets tell what's going to happen while profits tell what has happened.

Took a spin up to Crestline over the week end with two car loads of Optimist Club members out for a week-end of golf. Noted huge billows of smoke pouring from the stacks at Kaiser Steel's Fontana plant—something we haven't seen in Torrance for many years.

Kaiser has just installed the electrostatic precipitators on the furnaces there, but an attending problem has them baffled. What do they do with the tons of dust and ash that these smog traps collect?

We might suggest that they talk to someone at the Columbia-Geneva steel plant in Torrance. These smog catchers were installed here more than five years ago and they must be doing something with the stuff that is collected.

You know how people go to extremes in naming mountain cabins? Saw cute one in Crestline: "Bea's Hive."

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Millions Spent Here In War Against Smog

(The following report to National Supply Co. employees by Works Manager John Spalding appeared in the July issue of National News.)

Since the subject of smog has become increasingly controversial in our community, I thought a few observations on this topic would be timely, because we are a part of industry and smog have more than a casual community interest and opinion on the subject.

It seems that an opinion prevails among those not aware of what industry is doing that smog, like the weather, is something that every one talks and complains about, but no one does anything about either. In fact, we know that the weather is an important factor in the equation of chemical elements that various regulators, the word itself being derived from "smoke" and "fog."

While smog has become recognized in recent years as a word in our dictionary, it is not a new kind of nuisance or phenomenon since it is recorded that in 1306 A.D. a person was tried, condemned and executed for burning "sea coal" in the city of London. History even records that Shakespeare's father was fined for burning rubbish in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon. This was long before the era of industrial revolution in England, and evidence that smog was a community nuisance before the era of manufacturing plants.

The various regulations that developed as industry grew, endeavored to establish the amount of emission of smoke constituting a nuisance, "unless it be emitted from the chimney of a private dwelling-house." In other words, the complaints were directed principally against industry—and that policy and thinking doesn't seem to have changed over the years.

With the concentration of more population in the Los Angeles Basin in recent years, and with the industry that complements this population, various factors contributing to air pollution have increased. We have taken notice of the problem here at the Torrance plant by installing improved burner equipment in our steam boiler plant, and also a Rotocone

installation for collecting the solids contained in the gases discharged from our electric melting furnaces. The most recent installation in this program has been the new dual chamber combustion incinerator costing approximately \$10,000.

This activity is representative of what industry in general is doing in this community. Figures obtained from the various oil companies operating in this area indicate that approximately \$25 million have already been spent by the industry for control of emissions of all types to the atmosphere.

A great amount of research is being done by various agencies in an effort to develop satisfactory and practical methods of controlling the emission of the various elements which contribute to air pollution. It is estimated that the unburned fuel exhausted to the atmosphere from the 2,400,000 cars in this area amounts to 1280 tons per day. Vapors from neighborhood gas filling stations also contribute to the total pollutants added to the atmosphere every day. The back yard incinerator has had its share of criticism, it being estimated that in the aggregate it contributes about 500 tons of organic matter per day to the atmosphere.

In brief, the solution to the smog control problem can not be accomplished by industry alone, since it requires the collective effort and informed understanding of the complexity of the smog problem, with everyone having an appreciation of the contribution they may be making to the pollution of the atmosphere whether it is at the factory, home, on the highway, or aircraft in the sky.

Having an appreciation of the many ways in which the atmosphere becomes polluted every day, we can then better evaluate the corrective measures that are now available or may become available as a result of continuing research work.



LAW IN ACTION

ARE YOU PROTECTED? Some people—but not you—wait until their house burns or they go to a hospital before they ask their insurance man: "Does my policy cover all this?"

That depends—strictly upon what your policy says in black and white. As a rule the company does not have to pay for anything else.

Is this harsh? Well, the written contract is your best protection. That's why the law requires it. What earthly good would a spoken life insurance contract be? When it falls due, you won't be there to report the agent's promises. It must be in writing, or not at all.

So when you ask if your insurance contract covers, say, your hospital bills, just read it: It tells you.

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Note, too, any section on "exceptions and exclusions." They tell you what things the contract does not cover.

What does your car insurance cover? For how much? If your policy does not cover you for all the damage you do in an accident, who pays for the rest? You do.

Did you know that most fire insurance contracts cover you for damage only up to the real value of your house, no matter for how much you insure it?

Today some homeowners face the opposite risk, under insurance. Due to inflation, their houses may have gone up many times in value. But has their insurance coverage kept pace? No? Well then, should their houses burn, they can get only what their policy calls for; no matter how much more they lose.

So read your policies again. Say, tonight.

NOTE: The State Bar of California offers this column for your information so that you may know more about how to act under our laws.

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